Aerumnous

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Aerumnous

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Summary

“Are you seeking punishment tonight, Will?” He asked

“Not seeking anything,” Will whispered back. “I don’t have to, do I? You’ll give me everything I need.”

A kinky little one-shot, at the opera.

Notes

For a good friend who wanted some filthy opera teasing :3

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal always preferred to dress Will on nights like this. He picked out carefully tailored suits, he personally knotted Will's tie.

Tonight, Will had accepted the hangers and disappeared into the bathroom, citing a need to wash away a long day of work.

It bothered Hannibal, just a little. He appreciated the intimacy of being able to style and smooth Will himself, letting his touches linger. Some nights he lathered Will's skin and rid him of his stubble, until he was soft and baby faced. He dabbed Will with his own cologne, until Will smelled properly like *his* .

Tonight, Will emerged from the bathroom fully dressed, his curls slicked back lightly. There was a deadly sort of beauty to him. There always was, but tonight in particular, he seemed fully aware of the power he held.

Hannibal was enraptured.

"Do up my cufflinks?" Will asked, his face carefully arranged into a mockery of innocence, as if he didn't know what sort of warring emotions he brought out in Hannibal.

The tease of the inside of his wrist when he'd denied Hannibal his usual access was almost enough to pull a growl from him, and Hannibal took the time to kiss Will's pulse, to draw his teeth over the skin before folding his cuff over it and pinning it with a diamond link.

In truth, Will didn't like the opera. He never had. He'd gone with Hannibal once or twice, when the man still had a pretence for courting him, but had made it clear he wasn't a fan. Hannibal had since tempted Will to events with him with the promise of gifts and rewards, and Will had absolutely let him -- though he often played up his reluctance for show.

"What are you dragging me to this evening?" Will asked him, leveling Hannibal with a cool gaze. He knew the man was only a few choice words away from being convinced to remain home for the evening but… this was one time when Will wanted to go. For nothing else than to allow Hannibal to show him off.

Hannibal's answer went in one ear and out the other; Will didn't care, but he hummed as though it meant something to him before leaning in to kiss Hannibal on the cheek.

"I'm sure I won't remember a moment of it."

If he was lucky. If he'd riled up exactly as much hunger in Hannibal as he thought he had.

Hannibal dressed himself quickly, which gave Will time to take inventory, to stock up his pockets with necessities. When Hannibal returned, Will dabbed a bit of cologne under his jaw, lingering with his touches until Hannibal's eyes were dark with intent.

"We'll be late," Will said mildly, stepping back and out of reach.

Hannibal had already fed them, but Will still felt a gnawing need low in his belly. He settled into the passenger seat, legs crossed at the ankle, thighs pressed together.

He could have begun the tease now, gotten some sparks under Hannibal's skin early, but he liked the idea of catching him off guard later. It was rare that he got to surprise Hannibal, and he'd gone to great lengths to manage it this time. He didn't want to ruin the opportunity for himself.

Hannibal, for his part, was already wound just a tad too tight. He tapped at the wheel with two fingers, his brow furrowed. He knew Will was up to something, that much was clear, but he seemed at a loss to figure out *what* . Perhaps he hadn't expected to get as far as the car, with Will looking as dangerous as he did.

But in truth, Will always looked dangerous. He was a cunning thing, wily and clever, and Hannibal was as addicted to him now, as he had been the moment they'd met. Courting Will Graham had been the most thrilling thing in Hannibal's life, all his tableaux for the FBI included. Will was a storm in the shape of a beautiful man and Hannibal was drunk on him.

"You're planning something," Hannibal told him, and Will gave him a bright smile.

"Perhaps," he agreed.

They arrived at the opera without incident, and Will took Hannibal's hand as they walked towards the lobby as though he hadn't spent the entire drive giving Hannibal bedroom eyes from the passenger seat.

"Champagne?" Will asked him as they mounted the stairs.

"One glass," Hannibal replied, smiling when Will pouted at him. "I want you uninhibited this evening."

"Am I ever inhibited?" Will asked, setting his chin to Hannibal's shoulder. They were in plain view of others gathered for the evening, now, and Will was claiming Hannibal as his own in the most blatant way he could.

"You're incorrigible," Hannibal told him softly, bringing a hand up to ghost his thumb across Will's chin. "Please get us a drink while I check our coats, horrible boy."

"Yes Daddy," Will grinned, kissing Hannibal's cheek again before moving to do as he was bidden.

He could imagine the expression he left behind him, deadly and wanting. It wasn't a name Will regularly brought out of the bedroom, unless he wanted to do to Hannibal exactly what he was doing to him now.

When he returned, a glass of red wine in each hand, Hannibal wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled him in. It was just barely appropriate for a public setting, skirting the edges of what Hannibal deemed an acceptable level of PDA. Hannibal took his glass from Will and then pressed his lips to his ear.

“Are you seeking punishment tonight, Will?” He asked

“Not seeking anything,” Will whispered back. “I don’t have to, do I? You’ll give me everything I need.”

Hannibal’s arm tightened for a moment. They were meant to be circling the room, politely socializing with the elite -- or rather, Hannibal was. Will was never social, even with Hannibal’s prodding.

Instead, Hannibal hurried Will along, up the stairs to the private box they booked.

Once the curtains closed the arch behind them, Will grinned at Hannibal, taking a deliberate sip of his wine. They had taken long enough to get here that there wasn’t much time before the actual opera started, but there was enough time for Hannibal to take Will’s wine from him, to set their glasses to the table between their chairs, and to yank Will close for a kiss.

It was claiming and hungry, and Will returned it just as ardently, fingers curled around Hannibal’s lapels. When he was freed, he pulled back just far enough to nuzzle him.

“Have I been bad enough for a punishment, Daddy?” he wheedled, working Hannibal’s tie free of his vest and winding it around his hand. “Have I been such a bad boy?”

“You’re a temptation,” Hannibal growled, nipping Will’s bottom lip. “I know what you’re doing.”

“What?”

“Unlike some, I enjoy the opera for what it is,” Hannibal countered. Will pouted at him, so Hannibal kissed him again, gentler this time. “Perhaps if you’re good for the first act, I’ll give you a treat.”

Will’s smile was wicked; challenge accepted.

Will was the picture of poise as the lights dimmed, settled comfortably into his seat, legs crossed at the knee. He had a few more tricks up his sleeve, but there would be plenty of time throughout the night to play them.

Besides, he *did* like seeing Hannibal happy, and it was clear just how much Hannibal loved the opera.

As the curtain rose, Will took Hannibal’s hand, bringing the knuckles to his lips just once.

And then he sat back, relaxing. He didn’t entirely enjoy watching people sing in languages he didn’t understand, but he could enjoy the theatricality of it all. More than that, he could enjoy the look on Hannibal’s face.

At first, Hannibal was distracted, glancing at Will out of the corner of his eye, as if expecting more of a fuss. Slowly, though, he began to unwind. His shoulders relaxed, his features shifted into something beatific.

Will had seen Hannibal brought to tears by the opera before, and it was always worth it to take in his expressions.

So he just watched him instead, making no show of even attempting to be subtle about it. He gazed at Hannibal as Hannibal watched the stage, and let himself meditate on the man.

Sharp-featured and clever, difficult to catch his attention, and even harder to keep it. Will loved him. Truly loved him. There was a devotion there, but there was also a tickle of obsession, something addictive about knowing that of everyone on earth, Hannibal looked at Will like he'd hung the stars.

Intermission came after the second act, so as the first finished, Will leaned over and licked a line up Hannibal's jaw before bringing his lips together in a kiss just behind his ear.

"I have a surprise for you," he whispered, smiling as he felt more than heard Hannibal's hum of question. "I've been thinking about it all day, something special for you to enjoy alongside the opera, like… chocolate melting on the tongue."

Hannibal reached out to grasp Will's thigh and squeeze gently. He kept his eyes on the stage, playing along with Will's intriguing game. Their chairs were wide, almost benches for each to comfortably take up, and Will nuzzled Hannibal a moment more before tucking another kiss against his cheek.

"Sit back and spread your legs for me?" Will murmured. When Hannibal obeyed, Will slipped into his lap, spreading his own legs over Hannibal's own and leaning back against his chest. In this position, Hannibal could still see the stage, and with how dark their box was few people could see them. And even if they could, Will hardly minded the attention. Hannibal would tear anyone to pieces who looked at Will with lust.

Will took Hannibal's hand, bringing it to his lips before guiding it down to cup him between his legs, sighing and arching up as Hannibal stroked him.

"A surprise for me?" Hannibal asked, teasing fingers over the head of Will's cock, muted by fabric but still torturous. "This seems entirely for *you* ."

Will smiled, though Hannibal couldn't see it. He took Hannibal's hand, as much as he wanted to leave it where it was, and guided it up to his belt. "You have to unwrap it, first."

He felt a slow intake of breath against his back, and then a rumble of curious pleasure as Hannibal began to undo the buckle. "Have you been naughty, terrible boy? If I check my credit card statements, am I going to find a new charge?"

"You haven't bought me a gift in ages," Will breathed. "I was feeling neglected."

"I bought you something just last week," Hannibal chided, slowly drawing down the zipper of Will's slacks. In truth, Will was often overwhelmed and uncomfortable with just how much Hannibal was willing to spend on him, but the thrill of the game was always worth it. Will had learned to be a bit spoiled, more indulgent.

“ *Ages* ,” Will repeated, as Hannibal’s fingers slipped into his slacks, finding intricate lace beneath.

“Oh,” Hannibal sighed, nosing along the line of Will’s jaw as he kept his eyes on the stage. He knew this opera almost by heart, as he knew most, so he wasn’t upset in missing it. The man squirming in his lap as he spread his fingers deeper into Will’s pants was well worth all of his attention.

“Have you dressed up for Daddy?” Hannibal whispered, wrapping his fingers around Will’s cock and stroking him through the lace.

“Uh-huh,” Will smiled, bringing one hand up and back to slip into Hannibal’s hair. He hissed in pleasure as Hannibal rubbed the flat of his palm over the head of Will’s cock. “Keep going.”

He toed off his shoes and let them drop to the ground before arching his back and lifting his hips so Hannibal could slide his pants down further, revealing the garter belt he wore, the stockings that it held up. Hannibal mouthed at Will’s throat and allowed him to kick his pants free as he spread warm, large hands over Will’s thighs.

“Naughty boy,” he chastened him with a smile. “Baring yourself in public like this.”

“Only for you,” Will promised, grinning. “No one can see this high up. But you… you get to see everything.”

Hannibal purred, pleased, and nipped at Will’s throat again as he teased wide strokes up and down his thighs, getting closer and closer to the tops of the stockings with every move.

“Please touch me,” Will whined quietly, biting his lip in pleasure as Hannibal gently slapped his thigh.

“Stand up then,” Hannibal whispered, “show Daddy what you’ve spent his money on.”

Will squirmed and set his feet to the floor. He arched his back before pushing himself up just enough to reach out to the edge of their box and fold his arms over it, keeping his bareness hidden from those below, but offering Hannibal a perfect view of his lingerie. He set his feet wider, arched his back more, and looked at Hannibal over his shoulder.

He was a vision, in delicate lace. In the dark of the opera house, Hannibal could not quite make out the color, but they looked suspiciously similar to a soft pink pair that had been lingering in his bookmarks.

The stockings were another treat entirely; Will hated the feeling of stockings against leg hair, which meant if Hannibal slipped his fingers into them he’d find smooth, freshly shaven skin.

Hannibal brought his hands up to frame Will’s hips, thumbs caressing the waistband of his panties.

“Did you hope to avoid punishment by picking something you knew I planned to buy you anyway?”

Will shot Hannibal a smirk over his shoulder. “I just wanted to please you, Daddy.”

“You have,” Hannibal assured him. He grazed his teeth over the back of Will’s thigh, just under the curve of his ass. Will let out a shuddery whimper. “But you’re still going to be punished for your mischief when we get home. Quiet, sweetheart, you’ll disturb the other attendees.”

Will tucked his face against his folded arms and stood obediently still as Hannibal explored his ass and the back of his thighs with teasing nips and kisses. He could feel Hannibal's breath against his tailbone, and tensed in pleasure, but Hannibal merely moved on, ignoring the glaring invitation.

As an aria ended and the people below broke out in applause, Hannibal gently tugged Will back to sit on his lap again. Once Will made himself comfortable, Hannibal wrapped his arms around his middle and rested his chin on Will's shoulder.

"There is perhaps half an hour until intermission," he murmured, as the music swelled once more. "And I'm going to take my time enjoying every moment of it."

Will squirmed happily against him. "Please do."

"You're not to come," Hannibal warned him, "you're to tell me when you're close. I will have you on edge, sweet boy, and trembling by the time curtains close for intermission."

"And then?"

"Then," Hannibal laughed, a low and pleased sound as he let his hands move down Will's body to stroke the insides of his thighs. "I'll take my fill of you. Get you ready for a thorough fucking through the third act."

Will sighed, pleased and shuddery. This was how Hannibal liked him, pliant and eager. Hannibal dipped his fingers into the hems of his stockings, teasing at the soft skin there. Will made a sound, shifting his hips.

“Don’t be greedy,” Hannibal chided. “You’ll take what I give you.”

“Always.”

Hannibal took his time, working Will up with higher and higher passes of his fingertips, until he was teasing at the edge of the panties. Will’s breathing grew heavier, shaking pants that betrayed any sense of poise he’d attempted to hold on to.

Finally, Hannibal slipped his hand into the panties, cupping Will’s hardness, running his thumb over the damp head.

“Look at you,” Hannibal murmured, “Already so eager for me.”

Will didn’t answer, but he parted his thighs a little wider, turning to press his face against Hannibal’s throat.

After several moments of Hannibal's clever fingers, Will whimpered softly. "Close," he sighed, and Hannibal praised him with a kiss, with his hands granting him mercy by spreading over Will's trembling thighs instead.

Around them, the music swelled, and Will arched his back to rock his ass down into Hannibal's lap.

"Exquisite boy," Hannibal praised him, moving his hand up to rub Will's stomach gently. "The things you do to me."

Will grinned, nuzzling against Hannibal a little more intensely. "Keep going."

Hannibal hummed, questioning, letting his hand travel higher up Will's body, his shirt catching around Hannibal's wrist. Higher, higher up Will's chest, until Hannibal's fingers encountered a fabric so thin he thought he'd imagined it. But then, the paisley pattern mirroring that which Will wore below.

"Daddy's pretty boy," Will purred against him, biting the lobe of Hannibal's ear with a groan of pleasure when Hannibal's fingers found his nipples and squeezed.

"You'll be the end of me," Hannibal teased Will through the lace, merciless here, knowing what such things did to Will. He set his teeth to Will's shoulder to hold him still as he squirmed. "Don't you dare come, Will, not yet."

It was harder like this, with Hannibal's teeth against Will's skin, a sharp bite of pain accompanying the torment of his nipples. Will had indeed come just from that before. It had been a long, uphill climb the first time, but every time after that it had gotten easier.

Now just about anything Hannibal did could push Will to the edge alarmingly fast.

His cock strained against the panties, the head peeking out over the lace, wet and shiny.

"C-close," he gasped again, and Hannibal released his nipples in favor of sucking a bruise into the crook of his throat. It didn't help Will calm himself.

"How long is this opera?" Will asked breathlessly, only half-joking.

"Long enough," Hannibal replied cryptically. "Perhaps I'll have you socialize during intermission. You can walk among the crowds knowing what a mess you've made of your pretty things."

Will whined softly, entirely against the idea. He wanted Hannibal's full attention during intermission, he wanted to distract him so thoroughly that they missed the opera starting again. But he wanted that in here, not out there where others could see.

"But then others would see," Will reminded him. "They'd see how flushed I was, how disheveled. You'd get so jealous…"

Hannibal sucked another kiss against Will's skin, and slipped a hand into his panties to circle Will's balls and tug them gently.

"You're such a needy thing," he sighed, catching Will's chin with his free hand and turning him back enough to be able to kiss him. It was an awkward angle and perfect in its sloppiness. Will's toes curled in the stockings and he wrapped his fingers around Hannibal's wrist.

"Would you rather make a mess of me now, and have me walk around so others can see, or tease me throughout intermission and fuck me through the third act?"

Hannibal damn near growled at the suggestions; both entirely too tempting.

"Perhaps I want to enjoy act three," he said. Will snorted.

"That's what I'm offering," he replied.

“Do you think there’s relief for you if I have you?” Hannibal asked, his fingers trailing back further, prodding teasingly at Will’s dry hole.

“No,” Will said, sighing and arching his back to welcome Hannibal’s touch. “No, I think you’ll be a very mean Daddy, and you'll make me like it.”

“Of course I will,” Hannibal said. One finger eased it’s way in, too dry, too deep, and Will hissed with pleasure even as he tried to close his thighs around Hannibal’s wrist.

“I brought stuff,” Will murmured, nudging at his slacks with his foot. Despite that, Hannibal pushed a little deeper, nudging a second finger at his entrance just to hear Will whimper.

“Ask me nicely,” Hannibal said, fucking his fingers slowly in and out of Will. Will threw his head back against Hannibal’s shoulder, shuddering.

“Please, Daddy?”

“Please what, sweetheart?”

“Please… please may I get the lube so it feels good when you fuck me?”

“Hmm better,” Hannibal nuzzled Will’s face and for a moment didn’t let him go, still teasing that just-there hint of pain against Will’s skin before he let him go. “Bend, don’t get up.”

So Will did, setting one foot down for balance, he bent over to retrieve the condoms and lube he’d snuck in, and passed them over to Hannibal. Hannibal caught his hand, kissing his knuckles, and took the offered items with a hum. Then he deliberately set the condoms aside, between the wine glasses on the table next to him.

“Not tonight,” he murmured, “tonight I want to make a mess of you, to have you dripping as we enjoy drinks after the opera, to have you knowing just what a filthy thing you are.”

Will shivered and groaned, biting his lip to keep the sound in. they wouldn’t be heard over the opera but just in case, just in case someone looked up at the wrong moment, just in case the stage lights went up a bit more and they could be seen.

When Hannibal's fingers pulled Will's panties aside next, they were slick and cool, and Will sighed as Hannibal eased one into him, then the other almost immediately alongside.

He didn't need a lot of prep anymore, not after the damn near primal way they fucked each other regularly. But this time, Hannibal enjoyed himself. He fingered Will open as the other squirmed atop him, and set his free hand to Will's thigh, teasing beneath the garter belt where it held up his stockings.

"How does it feel, sweet boy?"

"Good, so good," Will sighed. He set his hands on the arms of the chair and arched his back deeper, pushing into Hannibal's touch. He was wanton, half-naked in an opera box in *public* during a performance, riding Hannibal's fingers like he was being paid for it. Will felt *alive.*

"Don't come," Hannibal reminded him, crooking his fingers inside Will. At that angle, it wasn't perfect, but he nudged against Will's prostate on every other attempt. It was enough, enough to have Will gasping and squirming, enough for him to reach back and grab helplessly at Hannibal's hair. Hannibal allowed it, using his free hand to hold Will in place as he tormented him.

A burst of applause startled Will, and he jerked in Hannibal's arms as the lights came up. He was more exposed like this, with people rising from their seats. Anything incriminating was hidden by the high wall of their booth, but if someone looked up, Will's red face would be enough to give away the secret.

And without the music, there was nothing to cover up any wayward sounds. Will bit hard on his lip, closing his eyes as Hannibal kissed up and down his throat.

"I think," Hannibal murmured, "that I'll have you warm my cock through the third act. Would you like that? Stuck in my lap with no relief and no way to ease the pressure?"

Will groaned, gritting his teeth, and nodded frantically. Yes, yes, *yes.* He wanted everything. He wanted every single fucking thing Hannibal gave to him, because it was *Hannibal* giving it. When his fingers slipped away, Will whined, and turned to look back at Hannibal with a frown. Hannibal kissed his forehead.

"Wait here for me," he instructed. "I'll get us some more wine."

Will blinked, entirely dumbfounded. He was going to *leave* at a time like this for more *wine?* His expression must have screamed at Hannibal because the other merely narrowed his eyes.

"And you will wait just as you are, won't you? Just as Daddy leaves you."

Will swallowed. Ah. Now he saw the game in it. It was unlikely that anyone would come into a private booth without being summoned, but the thread of that was still there, until Hannibal returned. Slowly, he nodded, eyes narrowing just as Hannibal's had. This time when Hannibal leaned in, Will kissed him.

The wait felt like an eternity, but it was nothing to how long the third act felt.

Hannibal worked himself into Will with slow, deliberate pushes that despite Will's position he couldn't speed up or control. No, he could only sit there, impaled in Hannibal's lap, and try to keep his eyes from rolling back into his head from the sensations.

Hannibal always filled him up so perfectly, made him feel an ache at the base of his spine. So full, so *wanted,* Will sat trembling where Hannibal set him, and didn't even bother trying to follow the goings on on stage. Instead, he let himself recline back against Hannibal.

"Beautiful boy," Hannibal whispered, hands moving to work Will's shirt open, running his hands reverently over Will's chest, the lacy bralette there. He paused to tweak a nipple but didn't torture Will too much. Instead, he let every touch leave goosebumps on Will's skin, playing him like an instrument. Every tremble, every shudder, every unvoiced little plea was met with warm hands and soft praise.

Will's panties were already ruined, smeared with lube and the dampness at the head of his cock. There would be no salvaging them, and he was sure Hannibal would only sully them further as the night went on. He sucked in a breath, clenching around the thick cock inside him.

"Be still," Hannibal instructed, settling a hand over Will's belly, as if to feel through his walls to where he rested inside.

It was almost worse to be still, to have Hannibal hard and hot within him and not be able to thoroughly appreciate it. Not enough to pitch Will over the edge, too much for him to fully settle. He trembled in Hannibal's lap, gripping tightly at the arm rests to hold himself steady.

And Hannibal didn't stop. His hands journeyed across Will's skin, leaving trails of heat in their wake. He paused to tease at his nipples, at the softness of his inner thighs. Feather light touches that tickled as much as they tormented.

Act three seemed interminable. "Just a little," Will pleaded, when Hannibal shifted to see the stage better and nudged deeper within Will. "Please, just… Just let me move, just for a minute."

"What did Daddy say?"

"Be still," Will gasped. "But I can't, I just need a minute. Thirty seconds."

Hannibal hummed, considering, and tucked his nose behind Will's ear to whisper: "You have ten."

Then, he held his hand out for Will to see, fingers splayed, and after a moment bent his thumb into his palm, counting down. Will cursed softly, stifling a laugh against the back of his hand, and started to move. He grasped the arms of the chair, curled his feet against the backs of Hannibal's calves to give himself leverage and bounced up and down on his cock as best as he was able.

Three fingers down, and Will's thighs were burning with the effort of moving, his stomach was tense, his arms tight as he kept going, tensing and relaxing his muscles around Hannibal

as he fucked himself against him, breathless and quick.

Five fingers, and Hannibal started peeling them away from his palm this time as the last precious moments of Will's freedom counted down.

Four.

Three.

Two.

One.

Will collapsed back against Hannibal, panting, a grin on his face so wide it ached, and Hannibal wrapped both arms around him to hold him close.

"Terrible thing, you'll be the end of me," he whispered. "Now, hold still til the end of the act or you will get the thrashing of a lifetime when we get home. On *top of* the punishment you've already earned."

Will moaned just a bit too loud, earning himself a sharp pinch to his thigh.

It was tempting, certainly. Hannibal was talented with a belt, a paddle, anything he set his mind to. Will had been beaten with a variety of unexpectedly creative things, and each time had brought agonized pleasure.

He didn't know what his punishment was going to be. It could be denial. It could be overwhelm. It could be another round of pain, on top of the one he would earn. Each option had his breath wavering, the urge to disobey rising.

Hannibal would make it good. He always did. And antagonizing him always meant a rougher, more feral fuck at the end of it all.

If he was good, though… If Will was good, there would be praise, and soft touches, even before his punishment. He *had* bought this outfit with Hannibal's pleasure in mind, and he wanted to reap those benefits while he could; certainly, none of it was going to survive to be worn another day.

So he wrapped his arm back and up, curled around Hannibal's head, his fingers in his hair, and sighed, leaning more heavily against him.

"I'll be good," he promised with a nuzzle. Hannibal kissed him, and resumed his meditative touches of Will's body.

Will floated. Not as deeply in his own head as he would be had he been warming Hannibal's cock with his mouth, but deep enough. The music and emotional arias on stage felt like physical touches against his skin, alongside Hannibal's teasing, and he almost didn't realize that Hannibal was easing Will up and off him until his trembling feet touched the floor.

“Time to get dressed,” Hannibal whispered, kissing Will’s cheek, his throat, down his shoulder and his arm as he crouched to gather Will’s pants and help him into them. He carefully eased Will’s leaking cock back into his panties, and worked the zip up slowly so as not to hurt him or catch any fabric. He stayed on the floor, Will balancing himself against his shoulder, and helped Will into his shoes next, tying the laces.

Then he guided Will to sit in Hannibal’s chair and knelt in front of him and started to do up his shirt. He kissed the length of Will’s body as he did, lips and breath tickling Will’s skin before he buttoned the shirt up, hiding it away again. He fixed Will’s bow tie, and gently combed his fingers through Will’s curls to get them into a semblance of order.

As though on cue, when he was finished, the crowd beneath them erupted in a standing ovation for the finished opera on stage.

Hannibal winked.

“Would you like a drink, Will?”

Will shook his head, cheeks flushed and smile wide. “No, Daddy.”

“Good,” Hannibal moved to stand, and held a hand out for Will to take. “Then I think we should get home, before you get yourself into any more trouble, hmm?”

Will grinned, taking Hannibal’s hand. “Yes, Daddy.”

End Notes

Questions? Comments? Love? Ping us over on TWITTER, TUMBLR, or CURIOUSCAT!

Aerumnous: (adj.) full of trouble

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